

Production No. 7F16

The Simpsons

"OH BROTHER, WHERE ARE THOU?"

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 8/08/90

FOR CAST READ ONLY

"OH BROTHER, WHERE ARE THOU?"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER  
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER  
SENATOR MENDOZA.....HANK AZARIA  
BOARD MEMBER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MCBAIN.....HARRY SHEARER  
FEMALE COMMANDO.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
SINGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
FLOOZY.....JULIE KAVNER  
HOMER'S MOTHER.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
ATTENDANT.....HANK AZARIA  
DETROIT MAN.....HANK AZARIA  
LIBRARIAN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LIBRARY MAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
DIRECTOR.....HARRY SHEARER  
HERB POWELL.....DANNY DEVITO  
EXECUTIVE #1.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
EXECUTIVE #2.....HANK AZARIA

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EXECUTIVE #3.....HARRY SHEARER  
THEATRE MANAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
STABLEBOY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DOORMAN.....HANK AZARIA  
RESTAURANT OWNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
POLICEMAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
HARVARD MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
HEAD ENGINEER.....HARRY SHEARER  
ENGINEER #2.....HANK AZARIA  
ENGINEER #3.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
TOURIST #1.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
TOURIST #2.....HARRY SHEARER  
ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
EXECUTIVE #4.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
REPORTER.....HANK AZARIA

OH BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?

by

Jeff Martin

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

On the top floor of a skyscraper, SENATOR MENDOZA presides over an evil board meeting. Arrows on a huge map of South America indicate "DRUG SHIPMENTS."

SENATOR MENDOZA

Let's move on to new business. Have  
you taken care of McBain?

BOARD MEMBER

You don't have to worry, Senator  
Mendoza. By now our "dear friend"  
McBain has met with a - shall we say -  
unfortunate accident.

Sinister CHUCKLES from the BOARD MEMBERS.

SENATOR MENDOZA

Excellent. With McBain out of the way,  
nothing can stop us!... Any more new  
business?

MCBAIN'S VOICE

(GERMAN ACCENT) Only your death.

SENATOR MENDOZA

Who said that? You're out of order!

MCBAIN'S VOICE

No.

MCBAIN, in full commando rigging, bursts through the map.

MCBAIN

You're out of order.

SENATOR MENDOZA

McBain!!

The board members on both sides of the long table reach for their guns but are mowed down by RIFLE FIRE. McBain slides across the table on his belly and punches Senator Mendoza, who flies out the window in a shower of glass shards.

EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Senator Mendoza plummets 100 stories and lands on a gasoline truck, causing a huge EXPLOSION.

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

McBain's face is dramatically lit by the bonfire.

MCBAIN

Meeting adjourned.

INT. AZTEC MOVIE THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

GRAMPA and his bearded friend JASPER are sitting in the nearly-empty theatre.

GRAMPA

Mindless techno-garbage.

JASPER

Hackneyed adolescent gore-a-thon.

MOVIE SCREEN - EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

McBain and a shapely FEMALE COMMANDO dreamily gaze at the gasoline inferno.

FEMALE COMMANDO

You certainly broke up that meeting.

MCBAIN

Right now I'm thinking about holding  
another meeting... in bed.

FEMALE COMMANDO

(SWOONING) Oh, McBain.

They KISS. Title card: THE END. After a beat another  
title card appears reading "But McBain will be back in,  
'You Have The Right To Remain Dead'."

INT. AZTEC MOVIE THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

We hear a Tom Jones-like SINGER belt out the theme song as  
Grampa and Jasper keep up their commentary.

SINGER (V.O.)

(SINGING) "The rules that constrain  
other men/ Mean nothing to McBain...  
The punches that bring pain to other  
men/ Mean nothing to McBain!... "

JASPER

Booo.

GRAMPA

I want to see the manager!

INT. AZTEC MOVIE THEATRE - LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

Grampa and Jasper confront the unimpressed teenage THEATRE  
MANAGER.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

The screen was too small.

JASPER

The floor was sticky.

GRAMPA

We could hear the movie in the next theatre.

JASPER

The romantic subplot felt tacked on.

GRAMPA

We demand a refund!

THEATRE MANAGER

Sorry, it's against our policy.

GRAMPA

(IN PAIN) I'll policy you, you --

THEATRE MANAGER

Hey, don't have a heart attack, old dude.

Grampa clutches his chest and has a heart attack.

GRAMPA

(GASPING) Don't... tell... me... what to do... you... young...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DINNER TIME

HOMER, MARGE, BART, LISA, and MAGGIE are seated at the dinner table as Homer gives the blessing.

HOMER

... And thank you for this delicious meal, especially the corn beef hash which combines the best aspects of meat and potatoes. Of course I don't have to tell you that, you probably eat it every day. Uh, Amen.

MARGE

Nicely said, Homer.

LISA

Dad, Bart ate a green bean during the blessing.

BART

How do you know unless you opened your eyes during the blessing?

LISA

Eating is worse than opening eyes.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

HOMER

Quiet, you kids! If I hear one more word, Bart doesn't get to watch cartoons and Lisa doesn't get to go to college.

BART/LISA

(DUBIOUS) Da-ad!...

HOMER

Not one word.



The phone **RINGS**, Marge gets up to answer. Bart and Lisa start fooling around with pantomimed insults. Bart mimes "I think you stink" (points at eye, points at brain, points at Lisa, holds his nose). Lisa mimes "You drive me crazy" (points at Bart, mimes driving a car, points at self, twirls finger next to ear). Bart and Lisa **GIGGLE**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I thought I said knock it off!

LISA

We didn't say anything.

BART

Not one word.

HOMER

Well, no panta-ma-mime, either.

MARGE (O.S.)

Telephone, Homer.

Homer gets up. Bart and Lisa **CHUCKLE** at their cleverness.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Marge hands Homer the phone.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(CONCERNED) It's the hospital.

HOMER

The hospital? (INTO PHONE) Y'ello...

(LISTENS) Oh my God!

**INT. HOSPITAL - GRAMPA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

As Grampa looks on grumpily from his hospital bed, the Simpsons consult with DR. JULIUS HIBBERT.

DR. HIBBERT

Homer, I'm happy to say that your father only had a mild arrhythmia.

GRAMPA

Mild?! There wasn't anything mild  
about it!

Dr. Hibbert **LAUGHS** his trademark melodious laugh.

DR. HIBBERT

With that feisty attitude, you'll bury  
us all, Grampa Simpson.

GRAMPA

Get back to the pharmacy, you quack. I  
want to talk to Homer privately.

MARGE

We're sorry, Dr. Hibbert.

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Don't worry, Mrs. Simpson.  
I think a little father-son chat might  
be just the medicine Grampa needs.

All exit but Homer.

GRAMPA

(GENTLY) Pull your chair closer, my  
son.

Homer obediently gets right up into Grampa's face.

HOMER

(GENTLY) What is it, Da --

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

P.U.! Not that close! Homer, that  
heart attack made me realize that I'm  
going to die someday.

HOMER

(CONDESCENDING) Oh Dad, you and your imagination.

GRAMPA

There's something I think you should know. You're not my only child.

HOMER

(ASTONISHED) I'm not?

GRAMPA

You have a half-brother.

HOMER

A half-brother? Mom had a baby with another man?

Grampa **SLAPS** Homer.

GRAMPA

Don't talk filth about your mother. That baby's Pappy was me.

HOMER

Oh, sorry.

GRAMPA

It all happened while I was courting your mother...

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CARNIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT - 1951**

**YOUNG GRAMPA** strolls the midway in snappy 1951 clothes, birdogging the girls.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

I was checking out the skirts at the  
local carnival when I first saw her...

He stops to eye a CARNIVAL FLOOZY working a dunking booth.  
A CLOWN sits in the dunk tank.

FLOOZY

(SUGGESTIVELY) Hey, Handsome, want to  
dunk the clown?

CLOSE UP - HER SUGGESTIVE EXPRESSION

GRAMPA (V.O.)

She did things your mother would never  
do. Like have sex for money.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT - 1952

CLOSE UP - CARNIVAL FLOOZY

a year later. WIDEN out to show her holding a BABY as  
Grampa unhappily looks on.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

A year later, she had a little surprise  
for me. (BITTERLY) Only time I ever  
won anything at a carnival.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

GRAMPA

We put the baby in an orphanage, and I  
never saw him again. A year later, I  
married your mother and we had you.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - 1955**

Young Grampa looks on as HOMER'S MOTHER holds BABY HOMER in her hospital bed. Baby Homer looks a lot like adult Homer - same hair.

YOUNG GRAMPA

(FONDLY) Well, he's homely, but at least he's legit.

HOMER'S MOTHER

Abe, I want Homer to grow up respecting his father. He must never know about that, that... carnival incident.

YOUNG GRAMPA

Okay.

HOMER'S MOTHER

Promise you won't tell him.

YOUNG GRAMPA

(SINCERELY) I promise.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS**

GRAMPA

(LOOKS EMBARRASSED) Whoops! Forget what I just told you.

Homer is **SNIFFLING**.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

(NOTICING) What are you blubbering about?

HOMER

(TEARY) It makes me feel special, Dad.  
Since I'm the one you kept, that must  
mean you really love me.

GRAMPA

Hmmm... Interesting theory.

HOMER

Dad, I'm gonna find my brother. I  
don't care what it takes. I don't care  
if I have to scour the four corners of  
the earth, the seven seas, the however  
many continents there are these days,  
I'm gonna find him!

GRAMPA

Well, good luck, son.

Homer runs out into the hospital corridor and stops PASSERS  
BY.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey! Have you seen a guy who looks  
kinda like me? (TO ANOTHER MAN) Have  
you seen a guy who looks kinda like me?

GRAMPA

Get back in here, you lunatic! At  
least I can get you started. We left  
your brother at the Shelbyville  
Orphanage.

HOMER

I'll check, but he's probably long gone  
by now.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - NIGHT

The family drives home from the hospital. Bart and Lisa  
are excited about the news, Homer looks dazed.

LISA

A long-lost half-brother. How  
Dickensian!

HOMER

Marge, I've always felt like a piece of  
me is missing. A lot of it has been  
filled up by you, and the kids, and  
television, but there's always been an  
empty place.

BART

So, any idea where this bastard lives?

HOMER

Bart!

BART

It's the correct word for a child born  
out of wedlock, isn't it? How am I  
supposed to develop my vocabulary if I  
can't say the correct word?

MARGE

Well, I guess he's got us there.

Bart hollers out the window at EDDIE and LOU, who are  
leaning against their patrol car eating donuts.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, get a job, ya bastards!

MARGE

Now just a minute! That's not --!

BART

Bastard, bastard, bastard, bastard,  
bastard.

EXT. STREET - NEXT MORNING

Homer walks down a street. He is holding a piece of paper that has the address for the Shelbyville Orphanage written on a piece of paper.

HOMER

Let's see... 2140... 2144... 2146  
Central Avenue.

HOMER'S POV

He's looking at a gas station. He calls to the gas station ATTENDANT.

HOMER (CONT'D V.O.)

(CALLING) Excuse me, is this an  
orphanage?

BACK TO SCENE

ATTENDANT

You're a little late, pal. They tore  
down the orphanage thirty years ago.

HOMER

(DESPAIRING) Thirty years! I'll never  
find him. I'm doomed to walk through  
this life alone. (WAILS) Oh brother,  
where art thou?! (SOBS)



ATTENDANT

Calm down, buddy. They moved across  
the street.

The attendant points to the orphanage twenty yards away  
The sign reads, "Shelbyville Orphanage."

HOMER

(SHEEPISH) Oh.

INT. SHELBYVILLE ORPHANAGE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP - NAMEPLATE

which reads "DIRECTOR."

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

I know how you feel, Mr. Simpson.

WIDEN out to show that the ORPHANAGE DIRECTOR has a  
mustache, but otherwise looks and sounds exactly like Dr.  
Julius Hibbert.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I myself have spent countless hours and  
thousands of dollars searching for my  
long-lost twin brother --

HOMER

(INTERRUPTING) Yeah, yeah, well, I  
wish I could help you but we're looking  
for my brother today. Can you tell me  
his name?

DIRECTOR

(CONSULTING FILE) According to our  
records, a Mr. and Mrs. Powell adopted  
your brother and named him Herbert.

HOMER

Herbert. Herbert Powell. Great!

Where can I find him?

DIRECTOR

I'm sorry, I'm not allowed to release  
that information.

HOMER

Pleeease! Pleasepleasepleaseplease...

DIRECTOR

(WAVERING) Well, it's not that I don't  
sympathize with your situation, Mr.  
Simpson, but --

HOMER

Please, please, please, please...

DIRECTOR

I'll tell you what... If you ask me,  
the City of Brotherly Love isn't  
Philadelphia... it's Detroit.

HOMER

Well, if you ask me, you're the most  
worthless, heartless, excuse for a  
human being I've ever...

DIRECTOR

Read between the lines, you fool.

HOMER

Read between what the lines? Okay, I  
get it. (TAKES OUT WALLET) Here's  
twenty bucks. Now will you tell me  
where my brother lives?

DIRECTOR

Mr. Simpson, I don't want your --

HOMER

Just take it and tell me!

DIRECTOR

(GIVING UP) Detroit. He lives in  
Detroit.

HOMER

Fine. Thank you. (TO HIMSELF, AS HE  
GETS UP) Boy, everybody's got his hand  
out.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD LIBRARY - DAY**

Homer is in line. Lisa brings a phone book to him. A MAN  
in front of them has several phone books and is attempting  
to check them out.

LISA

Here we go, Dad, the Detroit area white  
pages.

LIBRARY MAN

Ah, Detroit. You're in for a treat.

LIBRARIAN

(TO LIBRARY MAN) Let's see...

Phoenix... Atlanta... Dallas...

Houston? I'm sorry, sir. There's a  
three phone book limit.

LIBRARY MAN

Damn!

MONTAGE

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Over Blues MUSIC, we see Homer calling a number from the Detroit phone book. The family looks expectantly at him. After a brief conversation, he shakes his head and hangs up.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa watches as Homer dials. They both cross their fingers. Homer talks a beat, then sadly hangs up and crosses out something in the phone book.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer is now very disheveled. His sleeves are rolled up and his tie is loosened. He talks for a beat, then **SLAMS** the phone down. He goes to the phone book and crosses out a "Herbert Powell." We see he has only called every Herbert Powell in the book (there are only three). Marge enters in her bathrobe.

MARGE

Any luck, Homer?

HOMER

No, I've called every Herbert Powell in  
Detroit. Nothin'.

MARGE

Well, do you want to try that H.  
Powell?

HOMER

H! That could stand for Herbert! It's  
a long shot, but...

Homer picks up the receiver and starts to dial, hesitates,  
then hangs up.

MARGE (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Homer?

HOMER

What if it's not him? The trip to the  
library, the phone calls... all for  
nothin'. Oh Marge, I've never wanted  
anything this much.

MARGE

Call him, Homer.

INT. POWELL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP - PHONE

It RINGS several times. A hand reaches into frame and  
picks it up. The man answering is HERB POWELL. He sits in  
a high back chair facing away. We do not see his face.

HERB

(INTO PHONE) Y'ello.

INTERCUT

with Homer.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Hello, is this H. Powell  
of Detroit Michigan?

HERB

(INTO PHONE) Yeah.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) By any chance does the H  
stand for Herbert?

HERB

(INTO PHONE) Yeah.

HOMER

Woo woo! The H stands for Herbert!  
The H stands for Herbert! Woo woo!

HERB

(TO HIMSELF) I gotta get an unlisted  
number.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Herb, were you adopted?

HERB

(INTO PHONE, A LITTLE SHAKEN) Yeah.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) From the Shelbyville  
Orphanage?

HERB

(INTO PHONE, MORE SHAKEN) How did you  
know that?

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Because... (BREAKING DOWN  
IN TEARS) ... I'm your baby brother,  
Homer!

A long beat. The hands put the phone down and we hear a  
**BEEP!**

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Hello? Hello?

Hello? HELLO! Stupid phone!

Homer starts to BANG the phone on the table. There's a BANGING noise over the phone. Herb pulls it away from his ear.

HERB (V.O.)

Hey, hey, knock it off! I'm here! I was just stunned!

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Oh, sorry.

BACK TO CHAIR

HERB

(INTO PHONE) Homer, I think we need to get together.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Okay, Brother! Grab the next plane to Springfield. We got a couch that folds out...

HERB

(INTO PHONE) Uh, tell you what...

WIDEN OUT to reveal that Herb is in the enormous sitting room of an incredibly palatial mansion. We still do not see his face.

HERB (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Why don't you come here?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MICHIGAN HIGHWAY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Simpson car rolls down the highway, the overhead rack loaded with luggage.

INT. SIMPSON CAR

BART/LISA

(MONOTONE) Are we there yet? Are we  
there yet? Are we there yet?

HOMER

(OVERLAPPING) Just a little further.

Homer takes a big swig from a giant-sized convenience store cup. He then puts it between his legs. The car goes over a bump, splashing the contents of the cup all over him.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

BART/LISA

(LAUGH)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON CAR - A LITTLE LATER

HOMER

Come on rest stop. Come on rest stop.

They pass a sign reading "Next Rest Stop - 17 Miles."

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Rest stop seventeen  
miles! They expect me to hold it for  
seventeen miles? It might as well be a  
million!



BART/LISA

Are we there yet? Are we there yet?

HOMER

(SNAPPING) I said just a little  
farther! (MOANS) You kids are giving  
me a headache.

EXT. POWELL MOTORS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A gigantic auto manufacturing plant with a mammoth sign,  
"POWELL MOTORS: American-Made, World-Famous."

HERB (V.O.)

You guys are giving me a headache!

INT. POWELL MOTORS - BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Herb, whose face we still don't see, is having a tense  
meeting with his Ivy League EXECUTIVES. In the b.g. is a  
sales chart that is declining.

HERB (CONT'D)

Every day we're losing ground to the  
Japanese, and I want to know why!

EXECUTIVE #1

Uh... unfair trade practices?

EXECUTIVE #2

Mushy-headed liberals in Washington?

EXECUTIVE #3

Some sort of gypsy curse?

HERB

I'm tired of excuses! Why did I ever  
hire you Harvard deadheads?

EXECUTIVE #2

Because you went there, sir?

HERB

Yeah, but Mommy and Daddy didn't pay my way. I had to work my way through, washing your dishes and scrubbing your toilets!

EXECUTIVE #2

Oh, now I remember you.

HERB

Have you come up with a campaign for our new economy model?

EXECUTIVE #3

You're gonna love this, Chief.

The executive holds up a poster board. It shows a MAN in a tuxedo and a WOMAN in an evening gown riding in an ordinary compact car, looking somewhat cramped.

EXECUTIVE #3 (CONT'D)

Our slogan is, "Give your chauffeur the night off, and go for a spin in your brand new Persephone."

HERB

Chauffeur?! The kind of people who would buy this car don't have chauffeurs!

EXECUTIVE #3

They don't?

HERB

No. And what the hell kind of name is "Persephone?"

EXECUTIVE #1

She was the Greek muse of lyric poetry.

HERB

(GROANS)

EXECUTIVE #2

And get this. She was carried off to  
Hades by the King of the Underworld.  
While there, she ate six  
pomegranates...

HERB

People don't want cars named after old  
Greek broads. They want names like  
"Mustang" and "Cheetah" -- vicious  
animal names.

EXECUTIVE #2

How about the "Gibbon"?

HERB

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Your ideas are like  
garbage.

The executives stare at him blankly.

HERB (CONT'D)

They stink!

Executives AD LIB: "Oh, I see," "Now, I get it," "Oh,  
sorry."

INT. SIMPSON CAR - OUTSKIRTS OF DETROIT

Bart and Lisa are looking intently out the windows, playing  
the Alphabet Game. Bart points triumphantly to a Check  
Cashing storefront with a sign promising "E-2 Credit."

BART

E-Z Credit. I spy a Z. I win.

LISA

Wait a minute. Where'd you see a Q?

BART

Back there. There was a sign that said  
"Drive Quickly."

LISA

There was not. You cheated.

BART

Did not.

LISA

Did too.

BART

Did not.

LISA

Did too.

MARGE

Bart! Lisa! If you don't behave,  
we'll turn this car right around and go  
home.

HOMER

(PANICKING) But Marge, I want to see  
my brother --

MARGE

For God's sake, Homer, it's an empty  
threat.

HOMER

Oh. Well, in that case... (STERN) You kids shape up or we'll turn this car right around and go home.

LISA

(UNDER HER BREATH) Just follow the "Drive Quickly" signs.

We hear a police SIREN. Homer looks in his rearview mirror.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - SHOULDER**

Homer's car is pulled to the side of the road. A POLICEMAN approaches the car.

POLICEMAN

(TO HOMER) Did you know you were going... (DEFERENTIAL) Oh, sorry, sir. I didn't know it was you.

HOMER

(TO COP) Well, that's all right. (TO MARGE) See the way I handled that, Marge?

**INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM**

Homer stands at a urinal. A MAN stands at the urinal next to him.

DETROIT MAN

(STARTLED) Wow! What are you doing here?

HOMER

(ANNOYED) What does it look like?

**INT. FAMILY-STYLE RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER**

The family sits at a table after having eaten. Maggie is in a highchair. The Restaurant OWNER approaches Homer.

OWNER

Sir, the meal is on the house, but  
could I trouble you for a picture?

HOMER

Sounds fair. (TO MARGE) Boy, Detroit  
sure is a people pleasin' town.

We FLASH and FREEZE FRAME on a black and white picture of the family with the owner.

**EXT. POWELL ESTATE - FRONT GATE**

The Simpsons' car pulls up. There are a group of TOURISTS gaping at the house. Homer's eating from a bag of potato chips. The family get out of the car.

TOURIST #1

(RE: HOMER) Hey, that looks like him.

TOURIST #2

Yeah, only fatter and with less  
leadership ability.

HOMER

Marge, this can't be the right address.

Unseen by Homer, a limousine pulls up behind him and Herb gets out. We still can't see Herb's face.

HERB

Homer?

Homer turns. Stunned, he drops his bag of potato chips.

HOMER

Herb?

We see Herb. He is a thinner, better looking version of Homer with more hair. Time stops as they stare at one another for several seconds.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It's like I'm looking in a mirror.

Homer and Herb begin to speak emotionally and in unison.

HOMER

HERB

You look just like...

You look just like...

(POINTING AT EACH

(POINTING AT EACH

OTHER'S HAIR) Except you

OTHER'S HAIR) Except you

got a little more...

got a little less...

(POINTING AT OTHER'S

(POINTING AT OTHER'S

STOMACH) And a little

(STOMACH) And a little

less... heh heh heh...

more... heh heh heh...

They hug as the MUSIC swells. When they break, Herb gestures as the gate opens electronically.

HERB

Welcome to my home, Brother!

For the first time, Homer sees the fabulous estate. He is awestruck.

HOMER

Holy moly! The bastard's rich!

EXT. MANSION - ESTABLISHING - A LITTLE LATER

Herb is showing the family around his property.

HERB

While you're here, I want you to make yourselves right at home. Anytime you're hungry, anytime day or night, Cook will make anything you want.

HOMER

Even pork chops?

HERB

Absolutely. We have a tennis court, a swimming pool, a screening room --

HOMER

(INTERRUPTING) You mean, if I want pork chops -- even in the middle of the night -- your guy will fry 'em up?

HERB

Sure. That's what he's paid for. Now, if you need towels, laundry, maids...

HOMER

(INTERRUPTING) Wai-wai-wait. Let me see if I got this straight... It's Christmas day, four a.m., there's a rumble in my stomach...

MARGE

Homer, please.

HERB

(LAUGHING, TO KIDS) Your old man really loves pork chops.



BART

Mr. Powell?

HERB

Bart, do you think you can get used to calling me Uncle Herb?

BART

If all this is yours, I could get used to calling you "Dad."

HERB

He's adorable. My nephew's adorable. Homer, you have everything I don't.

HOMER

Ditto.

**EXT. MANSION - SWIMMING POOL - AFTERNOON**

Bart and Lisa splash in the huge swimming pool. Throughout the following, Herb, Homer and Marge chat poolside. In the b.g. we hear Lisa cry "Marco" and Bart answer "Polo".

HERB

I guess you could say I've been lucky.  
I mean, the illegitimate son of a  
sideshow hooker, raised in a trailer  
park -- now one of the hundred richest  
men in the United States.

HOMER

Pfft. "Luck."

HERB

I meant it. It could happen to  
anybody.

HOMER

Not to me. You're different, Herb.  
You got that crazy thing, that  
indescribable whatchamacallit, that  
certain...

HERB

(INTERRUPTING) The only thing I've got  
is a willingness to roll up my sleeves  
and bust my butt.

HOMER

Exactly! You wouldn't catch me doing  
that in a million years.

HOMER

(TO BART & LISA) Keep it down over  
there.

Bart and Lisa keep quiet for about three seconds before  
resuming their game, this time with Bart doing "Marco" and  
Lisa "Polo".

HERB

So tell me. How did you two love-birds  
meet?

MARGE

Well, after high school Homer got a job  
in a nuclear power plant, we got  
married and had three beautiful  
children.

HERB

Wow. We've got so much catching up to do.

MARGE

(MURMURS) Actually, I just told you pretty much everything.

**INT. STABLES - A LITTLE LATER**

Herb is showing Lisa his stable full of beautiful horses. Lisa GASPS with delight.

HERB

Lisa, your father tells me you like horses.

LISA

(GAMBOLS ABOUT) I love horses. I love their velvety soft muzzles, their gentle brown eyes, their --

Lisa comes upon a shirtless 12-year-old STABLEBOY, shovelling manure.

LISA (CONT'D)

(QUIET AWE) ... powerfully muscled haunches.

**MONTAGE - THE NEXT MORNING**

**BOUNCY MUSIC** up.

1) By a lake, Bart, Homer and Herb skim stones. Bart and Herb average many skips in a row. Homer no skips.

2) Grampa, in his hospital bed talks to Homer on the phone. Homer is talking on a cordless phone while lying on a float in Herb's swimming pool. He has green zinc oxide on his nose and is wearing sunglasses.

GRAMPA

(INTO PHONE) A millionaire!... (TO  
HIMSELF) I kept the wrong one. (INTO  
PHONE) Lock son, I'll come as soon as  
I get out of here. In the meantime,  
don't do anything stupid.

3) In the stables, the shirtless Stableboy wears his long  
black hair in a ponytail, like a D.H. Lawrence Woodsman.  
Lisa stares at him toweling off a horse.

LISA

Excuse me. Could you please move this  
barrel from here to here?

Lisa points. As the Stableboy performs this pointless  
task, the muscles in his back and arms are slightly  
accentuated.

LISA (CONT'D)

(A DEEP INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER) Ohhh...

4) On the tennis court, Herb and Bart are on one side of  
the net, Homer on the other. Herb serves to Homer, who  
swings as hard as he can and bashes the ball way over the  
fence.

HOMER

It might be!... It could be!... It is!  
That ball is outta here! Woo hoo!

The ball lands among a dozen others Homer has hit too hard.

4) Bart, Homer and Herb soar over Detroit in a hot air  
balloon. Herb POPS and pours champagne.

BART

May I spit over the side?

HOMER

(SUSPICIOUS) "May I?" Since when did  
you start saying "May I?"

BART

Homer, quiet good manners are my middle  
name.

HERB

(CHORTLING) I love this kid. (TO  
BART) Hock you brains out.

Bart spits over the side of the balloon.

6) Inside a huge, ornately furnished bedroom, Homer and  
Marge are in bed. Marge is asleep. Homer looks around  
furtively, then picks up a phone from the nightstand next  
to the bed.

HOMER

(QUIETLY INTO PHONE) Hello, Cook? I  
hate to bother you at this hour...  
Yeah, and don't forget the apple sauce!

**EXT. HARVARD CLUB - AFTERNOON**

A limousine pulls up to the impressive building, with a  
sign on front reading "Harvard Club" and a large crimson  
flag bearing an "H". Herb, Bart and Homer disembark.

HERB

Here we are, boys. The Harvard Club,  
where women cease to trouble.

Bart and Herb CHUCKLE knowingly. They walk to the door.  
The DOORMAN stops them.

DOORMAN

(TO HOMER) Excuse me, sir. Ties are  
required.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Wow, who knew the Harvard  
Club was so hoity-toity?

The doorman hands Homer a red tie with an "H" on it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT TIE) Ooh, "H" for Homer.  
Nice touch.

**INT. HARVARD CLUB - LATER**

PAN across the club's plush crimson decor. A GROUP is  
SINGING "Halls of Ivy" in close harmony. PAN across a  
HARVARD MAN dressing down the sommelier.

HARVARD MAN

Bring us another bottle, and pour this  
back into the horse trough you got it  
from.

Camera comes to rest on Bart sitting at a table with Homer.  
Bart is paying close attention to this exchange. He turns  
to the WAITER.

BART

Take this so-called peanut butter  
sandwich away, and fire the monkey who  
made it.

The swells share a cultured LAUGH at Bart's wit.

**NEW ANGLE**

Homer is listening in on a discussion between two Powell  
Motors Executives.

EXECUTIVE #3

... and the next morning, the front page bore the famous headline, "Harvard 'Beats' Yale, twenty-nine to twenty-nine."

EXECUTIVE #2

Well done, indeed.

HOMER

(TENTATIVELY) Excuse me, but... do you guys really take Ivy League football seriously?

EXECUTIVE #3

Well, why wouldn't we?

HOMER

Well, I'm a football fan. I watch football every weekend from Saturday morning 'til Monday night, and I've never heard of any of these teams before.

Unseen by the executives, Herb moves behind Homer and overhears the following. He is frowning.

EXECUTIVE #3

That's the kind of remark I'd expect from a man who mistakes his sleeve for a handkerchief.

HOMER

Oh yeah? Well, I've got news for you,  
Mr. Big Deal Auto Executive: The only  
thing that blows worse than Ivy League  
football is American cars!

EXECUTIVE #2

A battle of wits.

EXECUTIVE #3

I never attack an unarmed man.

HOMER

Why you --

Herb steps between them.

HERB

All right, that's enough!

EXECUTIVE #3

Mr. Powell! We were just --

HERB

Save your breath. I heard the whole  
thing and I agree with my brother. Our  
cars aren't as good as they should be,  
and it's because you guys have lost  
touch with people like Homer. Well,  
you're both fired. Scram!

EXECUTIVE #2

Oh, yeah. Well, you might regret this  
one day.



EXECUTIVE #3

Yeah! Maybe one day we'll get our  
revenge...

The executives exit. Herb turns to Homer and grabs him by  
the shoulders.

HERB (CONT'D)

Homer, I want you to help me design a  
car. A car for the average guy. A car  
for all the Homer Simpsons out there!

HOMER

Oh, come on. I don't know anything  
about cars.

HERB

You know more than those Ivy League  
imbeciles.

HOMER

No, I don't.

HERB

Homer, I'm not just blowing smoke up  
your butt. I'm offering you a job.

HOMER

I don't want charity.

HERB

I'll pay you five hundred thousand  
dollars.

HOMER

Well, if you think I deserve it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POWELL MOTORS - RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Homer and Herb meet with a group of ENGINEERS. The engineers wear lab coats and hold clipboards. The HEAD ENGINEER speaks in a flat, emotionless voice.

HERB

Homer, this is my team of engineers.  
They're going to build your car.

HOMER

Hi, team.

HERB

(TO ENGINEERS) How long will it take  
to design it, build a prototype, and  
have it in the showroom?

HEAD ENGINEER

(TONELESS) If all goes well, five  
years.

HERB

Five years?! Try five weeks! Every  
day Americans can't buy that man's car,  
we're losing money. Now I want you to  
put everything else on hold.

Engineers AD LIB: "Five weeks, that's impossible."  
"Everything else on hold?" "But sir, this is madness!"

HEAD ENGINEER

Sir, is that prudent?

HERB

(SARCASTIC) No, it's not prudent.

(ANGRY) I didn't get where I am by  
being prudent! Now remember, whatever  
Homer wants, Homer gets!

The engineers start to AD LIB: "Mr. Powell, isn't this a  
bit odd?" "But sir, this is highly irregular."

HERB (CONT'D)

Up-up-up-up-up! Direct all your  
questions to Homer Simpson, the man  
with the vision, the man who's going to  
bust this company out of its rut, the  
man who's going to change American  
transportation forever.

Herb points to Homer and walks out.

HEAD ENGINEER

So, what kind of car would you like,  
Mr. Simpson?

HOMER

(SHRUGS) I dunno.

EXT. POLO FIELD - AFTERNOON

Bart and Herb play polo. Herb hits the ball downfield.  
With a hearty LAUGH, Bart expertly spurs his charger  
towards the ball and knocks in a goal. Bart rides high in  
the saddle, savoring the CHEERS and high-fiving Herb as he  
rides by.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) I was made for this.

Bart dismounts. The shirtless STABLEBOY takes the reins  
and walks past Lisa. She SIGHS and walks off toward him.

LISA

(TO HERSELF) Talk to him, stupid, talk to him... (TO STABLEBOY) It must be fun to work here.

STABLEBOY

(SLOW-WITTED COCKNEY ACCENT) Oi loike 'orses.

LISA

Can I help you clean the stable?

STABLEBOY

P'raps.

There is a silence of several seconds.

LISA

So what are your interests?

STABLEBOY

Oi loike 'orses.

LISA

(TO HERSELF) He's not very bright.

The stableboy picks up a bale of hay and carries it over his head, revealing his muscles.

LISA (CONT'D)

(MOVED) Who cares?

INT. POWELL MOTORS - RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Homer is being besieged by engineers. They have a rough outline of a car on the board, which they place pieces on.

HEAD ENGINEER

So would you like an onboard computer?

HOMER

Ah, I don't know. It sounds kinda complicated.

HEAD ENGINEER

(CONDESCENDING) Mr. Simpson, if you have an onboard computer, you'll be able to calculate your fuel efficiency to three decimal places.

HOMER

Yeah, but... well, okay.

HEAD ENGINEER

(INTERRUPTING AND WRITING) On-board computer.

**EXT. MANSION - POOLSIDE - EARLY EVENING**

Lisa approaches Marge, who's relaxing by the pool.

LISA

Mom, can I talk to you?

MARGE

Sure.

LISA

Well, I always thought of love as the union of two minds. Now I'm learning that it doesn't even matter if he has a mind.

MARGE

Lisa, what are you getting at?

LISA

(THUNDEROUS) Mom, the poets lie! The feelings between a man and a woman aren't sweet and sentimental. They're sharp and searing as a flame! The shame has been burnt out of me. If he wants to hold my hand, I'll go to hell!

MARGE

Sounds like you have a little case of puppy love.

POWELL MANSION - NIGHT

Herb is hitting fungoes to Bart on a green surface. We PULL BACK to REVEAL they are on the biggest green Oriental rug ever seen on a cartoon show and we are in a well-appointed cavernous living room. Homer enters looking bedraggled and collapses on a couch.

HERB

Hey Homer, how's your car coming?

HOMER

Oh fine. We're putting in an on-board something-or-other and rack-and-peanut steering...

HERB

Homer, you didn't ask for rack and pinion steering, did you?

HOMER

Uh, yeah, I think I did.

HERB

How could you ask for it? You don't even know what it is! You just called it rack and peanut steering.

HOMER

Uh, may I be excused, please?

HERB

Homer, do you know why I gave you this job?

HOMER

Because you think I'm a genius?

HERB

I don't think you're a genius.

HOMER

Because you think I'm dynamic?

HERB

I don't think you're dynamic.

HOMER

Because you think I work well with others?

HERB

No. I gave you this job because you're average. You're the most average man I know. And tomorrow morning I want you to march in there and tell those so-called "experts" what you want.



INT. POWELL MOTORS - RESEARCH LAB

Homer bursts through a door.

HOMER

Alright you eggheads. I want a place  
in this car to put my drink.

An engineer picks up a plastic beverage holder.

HEAD ENGINEER

Sir, the car has a beverage holder.

HOMER

I said a place to put my drink. (MAKING  
A BIG CIRCLE WITH HANDS) You know  
those Giant Squishies they sell at the  
Quik-E-Mart? The cup is this big!

HEAD ENGINEER

(COWED) Beverage holder compatible  
with advances in convenience store  
container technology.

The engineer starts to walk away.

HOMER

I'm not done. You know that little  
ball you put on the aerial so you can  
find your car in a parking lot? That  
should be on every car. Standard  
Equipment!

HEAD ENGINEER

(WRITING) Little... ball.

HOMER

And some things are so snazzy they  
never go out of style! Like tail fins!  
And bubble domes! And shag carpeting!

HEAD ENGINEER

Yes, sir!

MONTAGE

1) Homer sits in a driving simulator. He's not wearing a shirt, and for all we know he's naked. His body is covered with wired sensors. Engineers note the readings on monitors and make notations.

2) In a design room, draftsmen have completed a very detailed drawing of a car. Homer looks at it and tears it down in a rage.

HOMER

No! No! No! No! No!

He sits down at the table and furiously starts to draw. After a beat, Homer triumphantly puts a crude, child-like sketch of a car on the board and points to it, glaring at the draftsmen.

3) Ext. Zoo -- Herb and Bart stand in front of the zebra enclosure. Herb speaks angrily into a portable phone.

HERB

What a surprise. A guy comes in off the streets with new ideas and you guys, with all your years in the auto business, say you're nervous. Well, I'm glad you're nervous. I want you trembling. I want you so scared you're puking your guts out, because that means we're on the right track. This conversation is over. Good bye!

(SOOTHINGLY) Bart, what do you think of that zebra over there? I want to see it through your eyes.

BART

It looks like a horse in striped pajamas, Herb.

HERB

(LAUGHING) Ah, the imagination of a child. I've been wasting my life pursuing the almighty dollar.

BART

Hey, don't be so hard on yourself, Uncle Herb.

4) Homer lies on a raised platform in a wind tunnel. Engineers observe how the air currents bend around his body.

5) Int. Powell Mansion - Night. Herb sits in a chair with Bart and Lisa on his lap. He is reading to them from "The Wind In the Willows" when Homer enters carrying a briefcase, walks right past and starts to make himself a cocktail.

INT. POWELL MOTORS - RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Homer walks around the framework of a car. The engineers dutifully continue taking notes. Homer is really cooking now.

HOMER

I want a horn here, here and here. You can never find a horn when you're mad. And they should all play "La Cucaracha."

HEAD ENGINEER

Can do, Mr. S.

HOMER

And sometimes, the kids are in the back seat, they're hollering, they're making you nuts. There's got to be something you can do about that.

HEAD ENGINEER

How about a sound-proof partition?

HOMER

Good. And washing hubcaps is a pain. Any ideas?

ENGINEER #2

Uh... uh, self-cleaning hubcaps?

HOMER

You're fired! What is my brother  
paying you for? (LOOKS AROUND) You...  
hiding in the corner.

ENGINEER #3

(TREMBLING) How about one less wheel?

HOMER

Three wheels! My car shall have three  
wheels! (AN INSPIRATION) Oh! You  
know how sometimes nature calls and  
there's no rest stop for miles?

HEAD ENGINEER

You want us to install some sort of  
laboratory facility?

HOMER

Hel-lo? Hel-lo? Hel-lo, Einstein?  
(SHARPLY) If I have to get up, what's  
the point?!

HEAD ENGINEER

You... want us to make the driver's  
seat a toilet?

HOMER

Egg-zackly.

**EXT. POWELL SHOWROOM THEATRE - NIGHT**

We see search lights and a sign that reads, "Gala Unveiling  
Tonight. Car of the '90's." It's a black tie event.

INT. SHOWROOM THEATRE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The CROWD APPLAUDS as a spotlighted Herb steps in front of the curtain.

HERB

Ladies and gentlemen... esteemed  
stockholders... members of the press...  
your Holiness. Tonight, we are going  
to witness automotive history.

The lights go out. A film starts playing on an overhead screen, showing a CLOSE-UP of HOMER driving down a deserted stretch of Pacific Coast Highway at sunset.

We hear a very slow, ethereal version of "Whatever Lola Wants."

FEMALE SINGER

(SINGING) Whatever Homer wants...

HOMER (V.O.)

(TRYING TO SOUND SMOOTH) All my life,  
I have searched for a car that feels a  
certain way.

FEMALE SINGER

(SINGING) Homer gets...

HOMER (V.O.)

Powerful, like a gorilla, yet soft and  
yielding, like a woman. Now, at last,  
I have found it.

PAN to the clouds. Beautiful script spells out "Homer."  
Beneath this appears "The Car Built for Homer." The film  
ends. SFX: DRUMROLL.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the  
car designed for the Average Man... The  
Homer!

With a big fanfare, the curtain opens and the Homer is revealed on a slowly-rotating pedestal, with Homer standing beside it striking a pose. The car is a monstrosity and then some, with all the features Homer prescribed: a bubble dome that extends past the side of the car, giant tail fins, clashing primary colors, three wheels (two in front, one in back); the car is glaringly asymmetrical. The hood ornament is two naked, wrestling Greeks.

HERB

(TO HIMSELF) Ew.

We see a master shot of the SMALL CROWD gazing in open mouthed horror. Quick CUTS of the aghast expressions on the faces of REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, STOCKHOLDERS, and finally Bart.

HERB

Any questions?

REPORTER

What's this monstrosity cost?

HERB

Uh, Jerry, what's the sticker price?

An executive whispers in his ear.

HERB (CONT'D)

Eighty-two-thousand dollars! This  
monstrosity costs eighty-two-thousand  
dollars? And its only got three  
wheels? What have I done! I mean the  
zoo was fun, but I should have checked  
in at least once a week.

Homer remains standing by the car, a smile frozen on his face.

INT. POWELL MOTORS BOARDROOM - DAY

Herb meets with his executives. They are on the brink of panic.

HERB

How many have we sold in the Southwest?

EXECUTIVE #4

Uh, well, sales have been a little soft.

HERB

How many?

EXECUTIVE #4

Zero.

HERB

How about the Tri-State area?

EXECUTIVE #4

Zero.

HERB

Have we sold one lousy car in the entire United States?!

EXECUTIVE #4

Oh, you want a summary? No.

EXT. POWELL MOTORS - DAY

A giant "Powell Motors" sign is being taken down. Observant viewers can get a glimpse of a Japanese sign waiting to fill the spot. PAN DOWN to show Herb, Homer and Marge watching this sad spectacle.



HOMER

Gee, Herb, because of me you lost your business, your home, and all your possessions. I can't help but think that maybe you would have been better off if I'd never come into your life.

HERB

Maybe I would have been better off?!  
Maybe? Why, you boob, of course I'd be better off!

HOMER

(MEEKLY) Does this mean I don't get paid?

HERB

You think I declared the special "Get-To-Keep-A-Half-Million-Dollars" bankruptcy? Of course you don't get paid!

A bus with an "AIRPORT" sign pulls up. Herb gets on.

HERB (CONT'D)

I'm going to another part of the world.  
Don't try to find me. (TO DRIVER)  
Take me away from these people. (OUT  
THE WINDOW) Goodbye. As far as I'm  
concerned, I have no brother.

The doors close, the bus pulls away. Homer slumps. Marge puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

MARGE

Maybe he just said that to make  
conversation.

EXT. POWELL ESTATE - DAY

The Simpsons somberly pack the last of their luggage into the Homer automobile. Behind them, we see REPO MEN carrying furniture out of the mansion.

LISA

Mom, we can't leave now! Not before  
I've found out how Pip feels about me.

MARGE

I'm sorry, Honey, there's nothing I can  
do.

A taxi pulls up and Grampa hops out with a suitcase.

GRAMPA

I'm here! Now where's that millionaire  
chip-off-the-old-block I call Sonny-  
Boy?

HOMER

(SADLY) Get in, Dad. I'll explain on  
the way home.

GRAMPA

I knew you'd blow it.

Grampa gets back in the cab and pulls away.

NEW ANGLE

Lisa is about to climb into the back seat when the  
stableboy walks up.

STABLEBOY

(FLATLY) G'bye, Lisa. Oi'll miss you.

You remind me of an 'orse.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - HIGHWAY - LATER

CLOSE UP - LISA

who has a dreamy, sickly-sweet smile on her face as the Homer Car rolls down the highway.

NEW ANGLE

Homer drives wearing his "H" tie which he stole from the Harvard Club.

LISA

Mom, I'm writing a poem. What rhymes  
with "deltoid?"

MARGE

Oh, that's a tough one.

BART

LISA

Let's see... beltoid,

Shut up Bart!

celtoid, deltoid, eeltoid,

Shut up Bart!

feltoid, geltoid, heltoid...

Shut up Bart!

Without looking, Homer flicks a switch. With a WHIRR, the glass partition starts to go up.

EXT. MICHIGAN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the Homer drives into the sunset, we hear the partition go up the rest of the way. The RACKET abruptly CEASES.

HOMER (V.O.)

Heh heh heh...

SFX: CARHORN playing "La Cucaracha."

FADE OUT.

THE END